

FARMING IN THE SOUTH

Hog Cholera.

The losses from hog cholera in the various states annually amount to many millions of dollars. The spread of contagious diseases through the central stock yards and by cars and boats not disinfected—a condition which existed prior to the establishment of the inspection by the Federal Bureau of Animal Industry—resulted in the contagious diseases existing in this country (among them hog cholera) becoming widespread.

By the establishment of Federal inspections, in 1891, hogs were no longer allowed to be shipped back to the country after being unloaded in the central markets of Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, Omaha, etc., but on the other hand, were required to be sold for slaughter. The reason for this was that the yards were infested with hog cholera.

All cars containing hogs, as well as other animals, are inspected as the trains arrive at these markets, and those cars which contain cholera hogs, or any other contagious disease, are thoroughly cleaned and disinfected. Thus through the careful, watchful eye of the government, hog cholera has ceased to spread so rapidly.

Other means of spread that affect the local places are as follows: A dog running through a hog yard in which cholera hogs are kept will carry the germs on his feet. A neighbor, just to be neighborly, goes over to sympathize with his friends, and, tramping around on the infected ground, carries the germs home on his boots, and thus his hogs become infected.

In regard to treatment, the first measure should be a thorough cleaning up of the house and yards. The hog troughs should be kept thoroughly clean and disinfected. The task of thoroughly disinfecting the hog houses, yards, troughs and fences is not an easy one, but the free use of a spray gun with five per cent carbolic acid will be effective. Bichloride of mercury, one dram to each gallon of water, or creolin, one per cent, will do much good in the way of disinfection.

Medicines which are given by the mouth or in the feed or slop, are of little or no value. Many so-called "hog cholera cures" are put on the market, but they are fakes, pure and simple. It is an easy matter to get testimonials. Passification of the mind may do as a "placebo" for the human mind; but if your hogs get cholera they will need something other than medicine by the mouth.

There is one method of producing immunity against hog cholera, and that is by the serum injection. For many years after the discovery of the bacillus cholerae suis, the manufacture of hog cholera serum was attempted by the United States Department of Agriculture through its Bureau of Animal Industry.

This serum is made by hyperimmunizing the hog by taking one that has passed through the disease and injecting this pig with a quantity of virus from a hog sick with cholera, and in this way producing in this hog a serum from the blood of this hyperimmunized hog will produce a greater resistance against the disease in another individual and make it proof against cholera.

The Bureau of Animal Industry has been conducting extensive experiments along this line in Iowa for several years and has perfected this method of treatment. They have asked the experiment stations of the various states to co-operate by establishing the hog cholera experiment departments upon their farms so as to manufacture and furnish, at a minimum cost, all serum, perhaps, costs a trifle more than those serums which can be produced by using the horse, as the hog does not furnish a great deal of blood.

The Experiment Station of the Colorado Agriculture College, at Fort Collins is one of the first state institutions to co-operate with the United States government. Already preparations are under way, and before this article reaches the hogowning people, the experiments will have begun, and serum can soon be furnished.—B. F. Kaupp, Pathologist, Colorado Agricultural College, Fort Collins.

The sheep has the most delicate sense of smell of any domestic animal, and the racks and troughs from which they eat will offend more or less if not kept perfectly clean. They will not eat unclean food nor drink unclean water, unless compelled by hunger and thirst to do so. Cleanliness is a matter of necessity and must be kept in force.

Another very important feature is to keep the animals as quiet as possible. They are very timid, and dogs and boisterous men and boys should not be permitted to go about them.—Wm. H. Underwood.

The sooner the farmers of the South recognize the importance of poultry upon the farm and make an effort to run it upon the same lines as practical dairying, giving suitable care, shelter, food and study to see what course will give the best paying results, the sooner will they begin to reap their share of the profits to be derived from up-to-date poultry raising. The old idea that anything is good enough for the chickens is an old and exploded idea which has held many a poor farmer's nose to the grindstone.

THE MOVE FOR A BETTER BREED OF HORSES

States Which Have Laws Regulating the Registration of Stallions.



Belmont 64.

Son of Alexander's Abdallah, a horse often found in the pedigrees of American carriage horses. Belmont Johnnie Mack, the sire of Lord Brilliant.

Owners of pure-bred stallions have been pleased to comply with the Wisconsin law as regards posters, having nothing to hide and everything to gain by publicity; others have been lax in this respect or have pleaded ignorance as an excuse, when taken to task for their negligence. This condition of affairs will be apt to continue to a greater or less degree if, as is now the case in many districts, owners of mares aid and abet the owners of stallions in their evasion of the law and also are indifferent as to the breeding of the stallions they patronize, provided the service fee is kept sufficiently low. A cheap service fee is the least consideration in breeding horses. The cheap fee means a cheap selling offering. It is the proverbial "penny wise, pound foolish" policy and it is high time that our farmers learn that it is to their best interest to make sure that the stallion they patronize is pure-bred, sound, a fine individual and properly prepotent and in that case the service fee will be of little moment and will be more than paid back when the time comes to sell the colt.

If a groceryman must sell oleomargarine he should at least ticket it as such and not advertise it as pure, creamery butter. In exactly the same way it is but right that the man who offers a counterfeited, grade, or scrub stallion for public service should advertise its true breeding and this done when, according to law, the license certificate is printed and posted up in conspicuous places wherever the horse is used.

Relative to the stallion situation the following facts will be of interest to horse breeders:

The secretary of the stallion registration board of Minnesota, Prof. Andrew Boss, says: "The law requiring the enrollment and licensing of stallions was passed on April 25, 1907. The board was organized in May, and during the first year of its existence has licensed 2,959 horses. Of these 1,110, or 37.5 per cent., are pure-bred; 1,849, or 62.5 per cent., are grades; 95 have been refused license on account of unsoundness which are recorded as transmissible and would be likely to affect the get of these stallions. It is estimated that 25 to 30 stallion owners have been advised by local veterinarians that their horses could not pass examination and application has not been sent in for them. In all probability 125 unsound horses have been kept from service in the state this year. The Percheron breed of horses leads all others both in grades and pure-breds, with standard-bred trotters second and Belgians third in the list.

"In some sections of the state there is slight opposition to the law, due largely to local prejudice, or misrepresentation on the part of some interested party. As a whole, the law is meeting with the approval of the horse breeders of the state. This is evidenced both by the large number of horses registered, and by the correspondence necessary in securing licenses. With only a few exceptions, the law is being obeyed strictly, some counties reporting only one or two horses still unlicensed. Some misun-

derstanding still exists regarding Sections 5 and 7 of the law relative to posters. The law requires a poster containing copy of the license certificate on the door of every stable at which the horse is stood for public service. In many places these particular sections of the law are not being observed simply because the owners of stallions do not know that it is necessary. Where informed that this is required, there is little difficulty in securing the posting of the license."

In Pennsylvania, where the stallion law has been in effect for one season, 1,820 stallions have been licensed, of which 604, or 33.2 per cent., are pure-bred and 1,216, or 66.8 per cent., are grades and mongrels.

In New Jersey the legislature last winter (1907-08) passed a stallion law based upon that of Wisconsin, but having the following important differences: The work of stallion enrollment is to be done by a stallion registration board, consisting of the animal husbandman of the State Experiment station, who shall be secretary and executive officer; a graduate veterinarian and a prominent breeder of live stock. "It shall be the duty of the board to examine personally each stallion or jack and determine to the best of their knowledge and belief whether said stallion or jack is free from infectious, contagious or transmissible diseases or unsoundness and their findings shall be final." The board is authorized in case of emergency to name a committee in each county, consisting of a graduate veterinarian and a practical horseman who shall examine the various stallions or jacks in the said county as to soundness. The fee for enrollment is \$5 and \$2 shall be paid annually for the renewal of pedigree certificate and service license. Stallions shall be examined every year until 10 years of age, and after the first examination shall be exempt, if ten years of age or over. The act went into effect September 1, 1908.

The legislature of New Jersey also enacted a unique and important bill which now is in force and provides for the appointment of a live stock commission by the governor, consisting of the director of the state experiment station and the master of the state grange, ex-officio; the animal husbandman of the state experiment station, who shall be secretary and executive officer of the commission; a graduate veterinarian and a prominent breeder of live stock. "It shall be the duty of this commission: First, to purchase and maintain stallions of draft and coach type for distribution and use in the several counties of the state, wherever breeders' associations have been duly organized and which provide dams for breeding, which shall conform to the standards and rules established by the commission; second, to aid in the selection and distribution of breeding sires and dams of other classes of live stock; and third, to constitute a stallion examining board." The sum of \$20,000 is appropriated to the commission for the current year, and thereafter \$5,000 annually for the purpose of carrying out the provision of the act.

A Cold Meal and No Profit to Owner



A flock kept under the above conditions during the winter will not be found to be in profitable condition this spring. Such methods don't pay.

Merry Moments With Humorists

The Umbrella Chase

By Norman H. Crowell.

Connelly, the butcher, and his friend Pelton, the drug man, were in from a country town to see the capitol. Being wise, and dressed in their best, they carried umbrellas.

The street car stopped in front of the imposing terrace and the men got out. Just as the car started Connelly became aware that he had left his umbrella in it.

"Wait! I forgot my umbrella. I can catch the car at the next stop!" remarked Connelly, hurriedly, and darted away.

Several long five minutes went by and Pelton rose to his feet. He closely scanned the immediate vicinity, half-suspecting that Connelly had sneaked back and was lurking behind some nearby refuge.

Far up the street to his left, on an intersecting track, a car was rapidly approaching. In a moment it came to a noisy standstill directly before him. Pelton was gazing at it disinterestedly when his heart suddenly leaped to his throat.

It was the identical car the umbrella had been left in!

A quick glance at the open third window from the front revealed the surprising fact that Connelly's umbrella was still standing where he had left it. And Connelly was not in sight. Aware of the urgency of the case, Pelton stepped briskly to the window and was about to grasp the umbrella when he observed that the seat had been taken by a lady. Tipping his hat he asked, politely:

"Madam, will you kindly hand me my umbrella? I left it by accident."

"YOUR umbrella?" she returned,

with a suggestive accent.

"Yes, madam."

"This is my umbrella," remarked the lady, acidulously. "And, besides, you have one under your arm, already! Did you have two?"

The sarcasm in this speech was apparent to Pelton and it confused him.



"Being Wise, and Dressed in Their Best, They Carried Umbrellas."

He was about to give up the battle when a friendly voice from the inside advised him that the conductor had removed the forgotten umbrella. Pelton retreated instantly, found the conductor and was rewarded by receiving the umbrella from that officer.

At this instant the figure of a fran-

Some of the Best Things Written by the Acknowledged Masters.



the pedestrian turned the corner two blocks above and came down the car track at a rapid pace. It was Connelly! He saw the car and hope soared anew in his breast—as it had done at least five times previously.

Pelton, grasping the situation clearly, deftly concealed himself behind the bronze figure and waited. Connelly approached with as much labor as speed, rushed to the third window from the front and looked in. Ah! It was there. He thrust in an eager hand and clutched the umbrella.

But something held it. Connelly looked up inquiringly and found an indignant lady confronting him.

"What are you trying to do?" she demanded, shrilly.

"Get my umbrella—I left it in there a while ago!" said Connelly, between puffs.

"That's the second time that's been tried, mister. This is not your umbrella!" said the lady, with great firmness.

"Not my umbrella!" ejaculated the amazed Connelly.

"Certainly not—it belongs to me!" Slowly Connelly's fingers relaxed their grip. He glanced aimlessly around, as if seeking mental aid and consolation. On the greensward at the foot of a bronze statue his eyes fell on a writhing form. Connelly's jaw dropped. It was Pelton! There was an umbrella in each of Pelton's hands!

Just then the car started, leaving Connelly earnestly cogitating as to what brand of idiot his friend had become. A minute later he was exhibiting marked traces of a similar brand of idiocy—but the umbrella chase had ended and he could afford to laugh. (Copyright, 1908, by W. G. Chapman.)

Brodski's Luck

By Peter Newell.

There was great excitement at the headquarters of the Pack Peddlers' union. Israel Brodski in the peaceful pursuit of his vocation of selling matches had been bitten by a vicious dog. Not that the infliction of such wounds upon the members of the union was such an uncommon occurrence, but in this instance the unfortunate—or shall I say fortunate—victim had been able through a process of law to collect a hundred dollars' damages as a salve to his wounds, physical and mental.

Then Brodski, full of his subject, added some details. "Just so soon as I see dot dog comin' at me, I knowed he vas de bittin' kind, an' dot's vy I run. If I hadn't had my pack I could haf got outside de gate before de dog ketcht me, but I wasn't goin' to leave



"Ain't You Got de Sand to Bite a Feller?"

my pack, bite or no bite. Besides if I had got away mitout bein' chewed, it would haf been schust de same as vone hundred dollars out." and he lit a big cigar with a gold band around it as broad as the diamond ring on Banker Goldstein's finger.

The next day at a quarter past nine, Janowitz, one of the wise ones, might have been seen with his pack of tinware on his back patiently plodding along the streets of Mossdale. With an intuitive sense of locality, aided by sundry inquiries, he was making directly for the Mooney mansion.

In due time he arrived at his destination, and having noisily slammed the gate after him, started bravely up the walk to the house. And then a dog came from somewhere and made for him. He was a fierce looking cur and Janowitz had heard that he was dangerous. At the terrifying vision his heart sank to the lowest depths, and his complexion faded to a pale pea green. But he did not falter even when the dog was at his heels and growling ominously. Every moment he expected the brute's fangs to sink in his flesh, and with fear in his soul he invited the attack.

Presently he found himself at the kitchen door without having suffered the desired laceration. With the hope of at least making a trade, he methodically offered his wares to the red-headed girl who presented herself at the kitchen door in response to his knock. He was not received kindly. "Git out, wild ye!" said the maid.

"Begone!" and unceremoniously slammed the door in Janowitz's face.

Sadly he retraced his steps around the house and found the dog still in the front yard. Hope returned—he might yet induce the brute to bite him. But the animal paid no further attention to him, even though he clicked his tinware and covertly kicked out his left foot at him. Even a dog will respect moral courage!

And this was the first disappointment.

The next came at 11:17 when Epstein, another member of the union and a seller of pins and needles, invaded the Mooney yard and heroically marched past the bristling dog, without so much as a scratch. On the return trip he too attempted to excite the animal.

"Vat's de matter mit you?" he hissed as he passed him out on the front lawn. "You measly, mot' eaten mut, ain't you got de sand to bite a feller?"

A Medium-Sized Journey

By Strickland W. Gillilan.

Samuel W. Homer, fact-juggler and popular song writer, was a Greek from somewhere on the Asiatic side of the line.

Wherever he went and asked for a hand-out, and they seemed inclined to be backward about coming across with the pie, Homer would start to sing, whereupon the food would be forthcoming so that he might fill up his face and dam the noise. Those who have heard both Homer and Tetrazzani say they could tell them apart at a long distance. By using his voice and his harp as a threat, the old man managed to extort a right good living out of the people who lived closest to the pikes.

Before he had been hobnobbing it very long in preference to school-teaching, he misplaced his eyesight, becoming totally blind. He afterward said, wistfully, that he hadn't expected to give up those last two pupils when he quit teaching. This is the only joke Prof Homer ever cracked. After this he always dictated his poems to a stenographer, which is why it was always so hard for college students to read them.

There has been a great deal of scandal about Homer, largely since he died. Kipling said, once, that Homer simply swiped everything that looked like good stuff to him, as other vaudeville artists do. If Homer heard this, he made no known comment on it. In speaking of him, Kipling used the word "bloomin' lyre," but didn't mean to call Homer that. Other people have also said Homer nature-faked up all that story of the siege of Troy, N. Y., and that he was just an ophthalmic old human phonograph who gathered up everybody's stuff and went around compiling it and reciting it.

Eventually, whether he ever lived or not, Homer died, and all the Greek towns that had set dogs on him and had put absorbent cotton in their ears when they saw him and his harp feeling their way down the boulevard, rose and declared Homer had been

born and raised in everyone of them.

All of which teaches us that if ever, like Homer, any of us school teachers are compelled through hunger to take to the open road and seek the festive hand-out, using music, skunk-like, as a means of extortion and defense, losing our eye-sight hunting for a true friend and a place to sleep, and should happen to make a hit with our writings, we would die as soon as possible in order that we might have nu-



Homer Would Start to Sing.

merous homes and birth-places and "only" friends who had, individually, given us our start in life.

For many, many people who have a natural disinclination to help the struggler are star braggarts after the struggler has made good and is too dead to rise and tell what liars the braggarts are.

Ever notice it?

While there is no authentic record of his domestic life, the seriousness of Prof. Homer's writings would indicate that he had a large family of daughters.

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